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WILD ROSES OF CALIFORNIA

WILD ROSES OF CALIFORNIA

A BOOK OF VERSE

BY

GRACE HIBBARD

SAN FRANCISCO

A. M. ROBERTSON

1902

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PRELUDE.

Sweet roses crown this "sunset land,"
At Christmas-tide they grow;
Pink rose-leaves are its summer clouds,
White petals are its snow.

WILD ROSES OF CALIFORNIA.

No ONE had called her beautiful,
  Whispered to her of Titian hair,
Told of her pansy-colored eyes,—
  He was the first to call her fair.

Out 'mid madroña-trees they stood
  One perfect sunlit summer day.
She held wild roses in her hands,—
  He told her she was fair as they.

The wild pink roses of the glen
  Filled full with sweetness the warm air.
She loves the sweet wild roses—for
  She held them when he called her fair.

BLUE SKIES THAT HOLD A STAR.

I STAND in canyon drear; upon each side
Are frowning walls of cold gray rocks that
hide
At noontide hour the light of day from me.
Above the pines—
Like roof of blue—a strip of sky I see,
Where one star shines.
Alone, bereft of those we love,
When sunlight is afar,
There 's ever skies of blue above,
That hold a gleaming star.

WELCOME, SWEET DAY.

I NOTE thy coming by the bright'ning
Of skies afar—
Though, like a failing lamp long burning,
Still shines a star.

Already on the eastward tree-tops
Trails thy bright hair.
Night hath a gift of dewdrop jewels
For thee to wear.

'T is strange I joy so at thy coming—
For my heart sings;—
I fancy thou wilt bring some gladness
Upon thy wings.

From rose and opal skies hath faded
The one white star.
Flowers doth open thee to welcome—
So glad they are.

Birds on the branches wake with singing—
Light gilds the sea.
O Day well-loved by birds and flowers!
I welcome thee.

"NON TE SCORDAR DI ME."*

Oft on the crowded street
Goes up my mournful cry,—
"Non te scordar di me,"—
Hundreds hurrying by.

Soul-cries move not the lips.
No one glances at me,—
"Non te scordar di me,"—
Upward I send to thee.

Thy home is very fair,
Dear one above the blue,—
"Non te scordar di me,"—
Never forgotten are you.

* "Do not forget me."

TELL ME.

Did you ever find a glove
  In a hasty search some day
For handkerchief or fan?
  Did you hide your face away?
Did you sob and cry and moan,
  In your party dress so gay?
Did you call him to come back—
  He who never, never may?

SPANISH MATCH-BOY.

Over his shoulder a big brown sack,—
" Mat-chees—mat-chees!—
Lady, not one have I sold to-day,—
Buy please—buy please!"

Picturesque boy, he stood at the door,—
" Mat-chees—mat-chees!"—
Brown soulful eyes that implore, implore,—
" Buy please—buy please!"

Sad little fellow in half-ragged clothes,—
Patched knees—patched knees,—
" I sell for *madre—padre* is dead,—
Buy please—buy please!
Mat-chees—mat-chees!"

WHITE MOTHS.

Out on the lawn where the roses grow,
Roses of gold, and roses of snow,
White moths fly,—
Fly on slight wings that the sun shines through,
Tinted with pink and the soft azure hue
Of the sky.

Spirit-like moths, I fancy you are,
Angels of roses come from a star,—
Star so bright,—
Souls of roses to bear on your wings
Up to your home—"The beautiful things!"—
Souls so white.

PROMISE AND PROPHECY.

THE golden sunshine on the floor
  Is crossed by shadow-wings.
Outside, on bare brown branches,
  A little wild bird sings.

A promise and a prophecy
  The song and shadows bring,—
The passing of the winter,
  The coming of the spring.

A CRY OF THE HEART.

My life's one cry for him, my well-loved
boy,—
Or level waste,—but sometimes comes a joy
So marvelous I wonder can it be
He 's at my side;
Or is it memory that comes to me,
As ocean's tide
Brings broken bits of wreck unto the land?
Comes in the gold of sunset's sky,—
Comes in a song, a flower, or kindly hand,
As of the past, and he seems nigh.

THE HEART OF A SPANISH GIRL.

I HAD read of the girl who tossed a rose
Down unto soldiers from window high;
And I thought of her of the old-time war,
As beneath my window troops passed by.

I stood as she stood, at a window high,—
Stood, and I watched the bayonets bright;
A basket of roses was at my side,—
Roses of red, and roses of white.

I was a girl with a heart of fire,—
Spanish, coquettish, a little vain,—
But I could not, I would not toss a rose
Unto the enemies of my Spain.

I had a lover with eyes of the night,—
He was a soldier,—he was their foe;
So I held the roses, nor cast one down,—
As did she of the war long ago.

But I would baptize the troops as they passed,—
Red is for blood—and the dead are white,—
I caught in my hands the rose-petals sweet,
And they fell mid the bayonets bright.

Some were like blood-drops on shoulders and arms,—
A white one fell upon hair of brown.
No one seemed to notice,—no eye met mine,—
The troops marched on through the sad old town.

TWO WAYS.

If one small cloud is in the sky,
Life seemeth dark to you.
I call life bright if 'mid the clouds
I see one bit of blue.

MARPESSA TO APOLLO.

WRITTEN AFTER READING STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S "MARPESSA."

Apollo, thou who from Themis' hands hast
In childhood tasted the immortal food—
Nectar, ambrosia—that hast made thee god,—
Thou of the bow and harp, listen to me.
From high Olympus came you to the earth
One morning in the "rose-wreathed summer-
time,"
A god in human form, "divinely fair."
Silver-stringed harp, by gentle Eros touched,
Announced thy coming to a fountain's side;
And I was straying with my maidens there,
A Grecian girl in trailing robe of white,
With wild acanthus blossoms in my hair,
That rippled like the sunlight as it fell
About my shoulders to my sandaled feet.
Apollo,—god, yet son of Leto born,—
You called me fairer and more beautiful
Than aught e'er was on earth, in sea or sky.
You begged my love; you craved me for your
bride;

MARPESSA TO APOLLO.

You offered gift of immortality;
You promised me that I should ne'er grow old—
Eternity my marriage ring should be
If I would choose not mortal, but a god.
Apollo, hear me, while I tell to thee
That Idas I have loved from childhood's days,—
That I ordain to be his bride, not thine,
E'en though a god and beautiful thou art.
I dread not that the sunlight from my hair
Shall fade when twilight of my life draws near,
Nor that I turn to marble if it be
In sleep of death lies Idas at my side.
Apollo, listen,—hast thou never heard
That in a temple built upon Mars Hill
There is an altar "To the unknown God"?
Him do I worship—"God of Gods" He is.
He unto all who dwell upon the earth
Has brought the boon you offer me,—
E'en "life and immortality to light."

JAPANESE BUTTERFLY'S SONG.

CHANGED after death was I
To white-winged butterfly,—
  Ti-si, my bride 's a star.

Slight wings, you may not rise
O'er cherry-blooms to skies,—
  To Ti-si sweet, so far.

If I were star, would she
On swift wings fly to me—
  Up to the bending skies?

Would I were small white cloud,
That I my bride might shroud
  From the up-gazing eyes!

My Ti-si shines for all—
O Buddha, make her fall
  Into a flower's heart.

For far I cannot fly,
And in the star-lit sky,
  Alas! I have no part.

"I WILL COME IN THE SPRING."

"I WILL come in the spring,"—
Oh, be still, throbbing heart,
Then hush every sound,—
Did I hear a bird sing?

On the elm I see wings,
And a bright spot of red—
A robin!—a robin!—
Oh, what joy it brings!

It is spring! it is spring!
Then rejoice, lonely heart.
He will come! he will come!
For I heard a bird sing.

THE MINER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

My father dear works in the mines,
Down in the tunnels dark.
I sing so much he often says
I am his " meadow-lark."

Our little cabin on the hill
Is 'mid the tall straight pines,
That seem to whisper all the day
To me about the mines.

I 've twined some vines about the door,
I keep the house with care.
My father calls our cabin home
His " castle in the air."

I never put my clean gown on
Till just before our tea,
Because when father first comes home
He 's black as black can be.

And when he 's coming up the trail,—
As soon as him I see,—
I fly to meet him,—and he leaves
Some black, of course, on me.

The man for whom my father works
Is very rich, I 'm told;
For he owns land and houses fine,
And mines just full of gold.

I 'm rich,—I 've treasure in the mines,—
" As good as gold " is he,—
It's father, whom I love so well,—
My father, who loves me.

UNDER ORANGE-TREES.

They stood at the twilight hour
'Neath orange-blooms sweet and white,
Beside the blue tropic sea,
In the sunset's golden light.

He gave her orange-blossoms,—
Oh, mockery in the thought!
Grim iron fetters bound her,—
Their sweetness counted for naught.

The snowy waxen blossoms
Nestling fondly side by side
Should rest on other tresses,—
She could never be his bride.

ONLY IN SPRINGTIME.

Hyacinths growing out in the sun,
Blossoms of crimson and white and blue;
Flowers will bloom till the chill frosts come,
Only the springtime is given to you.

Beautiful youth, so tall and so fair,
Loyal and loving, "tender and true,"
Linger I on as the seasons roll,—
Only life's springtime was given to you.

A STAR.

GLEAMING like royal gem,
In sky soft-tinted by the young moon's light,
Shone a bright star last night.

But now 't is blotted out
By cold gray mist, and driving, dashing rain.
I look for it in vain.

And yet I know, when mist
And clouds are wafted by the west wind far,
Again I 'll see my star.

Sweet soul, my one bright star,
Though the mysterious veil of life environs me,
I 'll wait and watch for thee.

AWAY.

The foils are idly crossed upon the wall,
Tied with a silken ribbon soft and wide,
The color that his lady wears—pale blue;
Shakespeare, much read, alas, is tossed aside.

I am the lady who the pale blue wears,
I am his heroine in Shakespeare's plays.
Often I 've wielded one bright steely foil,—
Alone, I dream away the autumn days.

A SOUL EVOKED.

SUGGESTED BY LISTENING TO AN ORGAN RECITAL GIVEN BY DR. H. J. STEWART ON THE GRAND ORGAN PRESENTED BY MRS. STANFORD TO THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

SILENT the organ stood, mute was its voice,
As if unto its shining, silvered pipes
The vibrant breath of life had never come.
Hushed the expectant throng. No sound was there,
When lo! a master's hands swept o'er the keys.
A soul came sobbing, singing unto earth,
Music exquisite as the song of stars.
Great waves of sound, like surf on rock-strewn shore,
Thundered along the cold white keys, once still,
Then rippled as does brook mid flower-gemmed fields.
Storms raged. In moonlit forest glades elves danced
To tiny tambourines well strung with bells.
Like unseen choir the *vox humana*
Chanted a grand triumphant hymn of praise.
Soul to the organ came that summer day.
A master's hand is something half divine.

BELLS OF VENICE.

Silence o'er city fair,
Not a breeze sighing.
Silence in palace old,
At the day's dying.

Gold in the sunset sky,
And on sea lying,
Long lines of golden light
Like arrows flying.

Boats on the paths of blue,
Blue sky o'erbending,
Silence o'er city fair,
At the day's ending.

Lo, as with one accord,
From each church tower,
Ring bells melodious
At sunset's hour.

Silence unbroken save
For sweet bells ringing,
As through the sunset's gate
Day's flight is winging.

OUT ON THE SANDS.

FAR out on the sands where the salt spray breaks,
Where seagulls scream on their lonely way,
And where ships go by, I had rather be
Than here in the city to-day.

For he wrote my name on a rock that hangs
Above the breakers one summer day,—
So I 'd rather be there upon the sands,
Than here in the city to-day.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

ONE Sabbath morning on a crowded city street,
In her small dimpled hands, a girl with soft brown eyes
Held blue forget-me-nots—wee bits of summer skies.
Whom shall I not forget? questioned my soul that day.
Low breezes from the tropic sea replied—
" Forget not Him, the Lord, the Crucified."

A DREAM OF YOU.

I DREAMED of you last night,—a happy dream,—
That I beside you walked where wild flowers grew,
Autumn's blue asters, and the goldenrod,—
A happy dream it was to be with you.

And more I dreamed: that we together watched
The sunset fade, and evening's first star shine
Pale in the twilight sky, then brighter grow,—
That was my dream of you, sweet friend of mine.

BRIGHT STARS OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

'T is Christmas Eve,—most holy time,—
I almost fancy I can hear
White coming wings to earth draw near,
As once on Christmas Eve.

White messengers that earthward come,
Holding star-torches, heaven-breeze fanned,
Lighting a pathway to the land
Where Christ our Lord was born.

On that first holy Christmas Eve—
As still in far-off skies to-night—
The Southern Cross was shining bright,
Prophetic of His death.

The night rolls on, the stars grow white,
And lo! the Christmas dawn is nigh.
The Morning Star is in the sky—
Christ is the Morning Star.

EVERY MORNING.

From open window she waves her hand
And follows me with her eyes of blue,
And smiles on me as I leave each day,—
Aye, sweet as the angels do.

Some way on the crowded city's street,
And 'mid whirl and strife for wealth and fame,
She seems to me near, my guiding star,
Smiling on me just the same

As from the window where roses climb
She wafts a good-by to me each day.
It is joy to work for wealth and fame
At my darling's feet to lay.

DANDELIONS THREE.

In a dainty cup
  Dandelions three
Nod their pretty heads,—
  They were given to me.

By a hand I love
  They were given me,
And I placed them in a cup,
  Dandelions three.

Little sun-browned hands
  " Pretty flowers " brought,—
" Stars come down from Heaven—
  In the vacant lot."

Darling boy of mine,
  Sweet thy gift to me,
And I placed them in a cup,
  Dandelions three.

YE PROUDE LADYE.

Two brothers the self-same lady loved—
A lady as proud as she was fair.
One craved " An ye love me at the ball,
For sake of my love, a white rose wear."
The other begged, if him she would wed,
She would twine in her hair a rose of red.

They met at the castle hall that night—
The brothers two and " Ye lady faire ";
She wore not the rose of red or white,
But star of jewels gleamed in her hair.
And no one knew that her proud heart bled,—
That she loved him who gave her the rose of red.

JAPANESE FEAST OF KITES.

Our kites we fly—
Up to the sky—
  With a merry tune.
Message we send
Without an end—
  Unto the moon.

AT THE TEA-HOUSE.

Beside the brasier bending,
  A Japanese girl maketh tea.
With her small brown hands she giveth
  A painted cup to me,—

Painted with cherry blossoms,
  Filled to the brim with tea,
And over the glowing brasier
  Sendeth a smile to me.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

She gave to him apple blossoms
  One day in the sweet springtime.
She did not know their meaning,
  That they whispered, " My heart is thine."

But he read the sweet old story
  In glance of her blue eyes meek
And pink of apple blossoms,
  As it flitted across her cheek.

" IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR."

Bulbs of the hyacinths, brown, unlovely,
  Only March days are here.
What you will be in the summer weather
  Doth not as yet appear.

Lo! it is June, and out in the garden,
  Wrapped in the golden light,
Blossoms there are of infinite beauty,
  Hyacinths blue and white.

ANOTHER AUTUMN.

THE autumn leaves are falling ruby and golden
I know,
And the hills are circling rainbows as they
were in the long ago.
Is the sky as blue? I wonder. Does the sun
as brightly shine
As it did in the long-past autumn when you
told me your heart was mine?

Alas, the leaves soon faded that had fluttered
golden down,
And lay on the earth wet and sodden, or crisp
and brittle and brown.
The hills that were bright like rainbows were
hidden by the snow,
And forgotten the words you uttered on that
autumn day long ago.

SAFE.

At the ebb of the tide a stately ship
  Sailed away to the southern coast.
In the moonlight pale, with its sails unfurled,
  It seemed but a white-sheeted ghost.

On the midnight tide it drifted away,
  Far away on the trackless main.
The stars shone bright, but the cold night wind
    wailed,
  "It will never come back again."

. . . . . .

The ship came back from the sunny south coast
  Like a bird with its white wings spread.
The morning sun made the sea like gold,
  The wind with its warning had fled.

I WONDER WHY.

THIS morning, as I sat upon the steps,
A stranger smiled on me and said, "Blue violets."
I wonder why.

My teacher looked on me most sweet to-day
And said, "Sometimes God lets an angel cheer our way."
I wonder why.

And Jesus Christ, who loves the world so much,
Said of a little child, "My Kingdom is of such."
I wonder why.

APART.

He said, "We shall no longer
Walk side by side."
For her the pathway narrow,
For him the wide.

'Mid storm-swept skies, like frightened eyes,
Two bright stars shone;
While fitful breeze through forest trees,
For her made moan.

MY HEART'S JOURNEY.

Over the wall of mountains grand
My fond heart has wandered to-day,
And over gray and arid plains
It has gone on its lonely way.

It paused and gazed from mountain steeps
On a city beside the sea,
Then sadly turned, this heart of mine,
And has wandered back unto me.

SING A SONG.

Sing a song, sing a song in the morning,
For the night has vanished away.
Sing a song, sing a song in the morning,
A song to the beautiful day.

Sing a song, sing a song in the evening,
Thou hast been His care all the day.
Sing a song, sing a song in the evening,
A farewell to beautiful day.

IN AN OLD CATHEDRAL TOWN.

AFAR in a foreign land
A maiden knelt in prayer.
Through painted window a sunbeam strayed
And kissed her beautiful hair.

She knelt in the pew alone,
In her dainty silken gown;
A traveler lingered that Sabbath day
In the old cathedral town.

He knelt—blest fate!—at her side,
With grave and reverent air;
But thought of angels with soft blue eyes,
And with waving golden hair.

When he passed outside the church,
Though bright the morning sun shone,
He felt he had left heaven and gone
Out into the world alone.

ALL SOULS' EVE.

I AM all alone in my room to-night,
It is "All Souls' Eve," when they say the dead
For a single night can revisit earth,
And then go back to their lone churchyard bed.

Outside of the house the autumn wind blows—
(Do I hear the sound of the garden gate?)
I have decked the room with flowers they love.
The day is gone, and the hour is late.

Down Memory's pathway they come to me—
My soldier-father, and, close at his side,
My golden-haired mother, who left her child
When the cruel words came that he had died.

. . . . . .

Sad I knelt before the crucifix white,
And cried, "Oh, mother, I am all alone!
There is no one to love me; let me go
To-night with you to your heavenly home."

I heard the sound of the garden gate, and—
" Bernadine, Bernadine, listen to me!
I, Ludovic, swear by the holy dead,
Of all the wide world, I love but thee."

A DESERT ROSE.

THE little pink cloud
  Of a summer day,
Afloat and adrift
  On the azure way,

Fell o'er the desert,
  Where lonely it grows,
Afar from skyland,
  The pretty wild rose.

AN APRIL SNOWFLAKE.

THE apple-blossoms held pink-white cups
To catch the April shower,
When out from a cloud came floating down
A tiny crystal flower.
'T was only a little snowflake star
That shone like a jewel bright,
As the sun peeped out between the clouds
To smile on the snow-star's flight.
It gleamed for a moment in warm sunlight,
Then changed to a tear in a flower-cup white.

BARBARITA.

Pretty Barbarita,
With her big brown eyes,—
Nothing can be sweeter
Under blue of skies.

Merry Barbarita,—
Brown eyes full of fun,
From the Day Star's paling
Till the set of sun.

Loving Barbarita,
Kind her words to all;
Often tears for others
From her brown eyes fall.

Pretty Barbarita,—
Dear she is to me,
Child of tropic country,
By the sunset sea.

ONLY A GLANCE.

A WHITE rose fell from my lady's bouquet,
As she airily floated by in the dance;
I rescued it from hurrying feet,
And my lady gave me a glance.

Only a glance my lady gave,
As she airily floated down the room,
But the tender promise it contained
Was sweet as the flower's perfume.

CAST ASIDE.

A BABY sitting in the sunshine on the floor,
Tried with her dimpled hands to brush the
sunbeams from her dress;
So, sitting in life's sunshine, we oft cast aside
With thoughtless hands, counting as naught,
the brightness sent to bless.

GOOD-BY, SWEET DAY.

Thou up the twilight hills art trailing—
Good-by, sweet day.
Take of the earth its fairest givings
Upon thy way.

Soon on the heights wilt thou be standing,
From earth afar,
Lighting, to cheer thy onward going,
Evening's first star.

Thou wilt come back to us, ah! never,—
Thy work is done.
Joined thou the days departed
At set of sun.

Thou didst hear sobs and sound of crying—
Cries all in vain;
Thou heardst the joy of some, the laughter,
In thy brief reign.

I watch thy pathway by the lighting
Of star and star.
To-morrow's hands the gates of opal
Soon will unbar.

COME INTO THE SUNSHINE.

I STOOD at my eastern window,—
  O'er me billows of sunshine rolled.
I held out my hands to fair Morning;
  She filled them with pure shining gold.

I turned to share it with you, dear,—
  You who sat in the shadows gray,—
But the laughing, dancing sunbeams
  To the rose-vine fluttered away.

Come thou to the eastern window,
  To the sun-god thy white hands hold;
He will garland thee with gladness,
  He will fill thy hands with pure gold.

EASTER SONG.

The trees are all a-bloom,
And happy wild birds sing
Earth's resurrection song,—
Ring, Bells of Easter, ring!

Ye have glad news, O Bells,
Song sweet as wild birds sing.
That Christ the Crucified
Is now the risen King.

His Kingdom, not of earth,
To all the world make known;
Ring thou of Faith and Hope,
Two angels near His throne.

The trees are all a-bloom,
And happy wild birds sing
Earth's resurrection song,—
Ring, Bells of Easter, ring!

"THE HAUNTED."

"Come out of the past; it is haunted."

I LOVE to go back to "The Haunted,"
For pleasant the pathways are there.
I meet in them father and mother,
My land of "The Haunted" is fair.

It holds for me gay childish laughter,
And love that was constant and true.
My past is a land of pink roses,
Where happy I walked, dear, with you.

It lies upon beautiful headlands
O'erhanging a blue summer sea,
With white sail of Faith 'gainst the sunset,
And Hope on the white waves for me.

TELL ME, O YE VIOLETS.

Tell me, O ye violets,—
I bought you on the street,—
Tell of your home 'neath shelt'ring leaves,
O sapphire blossoms sweet!

Make in the volume of my life
A painted page most fair,
Tinted in deepest blue of skies
When stars are shining there.

Oh, tell me, violets of blue,
That grow in forest glade,
Why must your perfume float away?
Why must your beauty fade?

This is your answer unto me:
"We fade, but never die;
Our perfume is our life, our soul,
It wings its way on high."

PATIENCE.

I LOVE the girl with the kind dark eyes
And quaint Colonial name;
In days when the sun shone not for me
Into my sad life she came,—

Came as a star comes to midnight skies,
Rising up out of the sea,—
Sweet, brave child of the Puritan race,
Tender my love is for thee.

FLOWER FORTUNE-TELLERS.

"FORTUNE-TELLERS of the flowers,
Daisies with hearts of gold,
Down to the fields I've come," she said;
"Think me not over-bold.

"Daisies, will you my fortune tell?
Tell if John I shall wed?"
Over the field the west wind swept;
Each daisy bowed its head.

"Down in the meadow, by the brook,
John is tossing the hay.
Daisies, daisies, I love him well;
Tell, does he love me, pray?"

One field daisy of white and gold—
One of the gipsy band—
Chose she from them, and held it close
Clasped in her small brown hand.

FLOWER FORTUNE-TELLERS.

"One white petal—he loves," she said;
"Two—he loves not,"—when lo!
John from the field, unseen by her,
Came in the sunset's glow,—

Came from the field—the hay was spread—
Daisies, what did he do?
Captured her small brown hand and said,
"Sweet playmate, I love you."

Daisies, daisies, her fortune you told;
Some day John she will wed.
Over the field the west wind swept—
Each daisy bowed its head.

A DREAM.

I DREAMED the chariot-wheels of Time had
ceased to roll;
That the blue heavens were parted like a riven
scroll;
That holy angels with bright shining hair
Floating about them in the summer air,
God's messengers from the heavenly land,
Had wandered down to earth from His right
hand.
The sea gave up its dead from parted waves,
Like lilies fair the dead forsook their graves.
My mother, radiant as evening's star,
I saw, smiling upon me from afar.
I heard a voice of majesty that cried,—
"Come all who love the Lord, the Crucified."
I hastened to the grave of one I love,—
It was unchanged, the tall grass waved above,
And violets still threaded wreaths of blue,
And sunbeams turned to jewel drops of dew.

A DREAM.

I whispered softly, "Wake, Love; come with
me:
'T is morning, Love; hasten, I wait for thee."
I threw myself upon his fast-sealed grave;
Above the heart I thought so good and brave
I begged grim Death his iron chains to burst.
A voice proclaimed, "The dead in Christ rise
first."

NO SEER CAN TELL THEE.

FATE is the unfolding,
As of a rose,—
Wait till its petals sweet
Time shall disclose.

Green bud cannot reveal
The rose to thee.
Suns must arise and set
E'er thou shalt see

If the full rose is white,—
As for the dead,—
Or come for life's sweet joys
A rose of red.

Seers cannot read thy fate—
What it shall be.
Years as a rose unfold
Thy fate to thee.

ITALIAN FISHERMAN'S SONG.

"E DEL MIO CUORE LA CARINA."*

SUNSET'S bright hour and vesper-bells ringing,
Brown lateen-sail and a fisherman singing,—
" E del mio cuore la carina,"—
An incoming boat on the white harbor bar.

Down 'neath blue billows the golden sun dying,
Wine-tinted, lights on sapphire sea lying,—
" E del mio cuore la carina,"—
Sweet song of the fisherman, near, then afar.

Cries of wild seagulls o'er twilight sea winging—
Sweet song of Italian fisherman singing,—
" E del mio cuore la carina,"—
A brown lateen-sail beneath evening's first star.

*"She is the darling of my heart."

WHY?

Blue skies smiled on the world below,
And down the hillside, dancing bright,
Came a gay cascade of gleaming gems,
Strung upon yellow threads of light.
The wild birds sang a glad, glad song,
And clover bowed to daisies white;
For God loved all, and all loved God,
And each was loved by the other.
So that was why the blue sky smiled,
And down the hills came, dancing bright,
A gay cascade of gleaming gems,
Strung upon yellow threads of light,—
Why wild birds sang a glad, glad song,
And clover bowed to daisies white.

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

Bathed is the western sky in glory,
Soon will go down the sun.
Be reconciled unto thy brother,
E'er yet the day is done.

Lest thou shalt pine alone in prison,
Shut from his love away,
Be reconciled—the west is golden
Before the close of day.

THEY ARE WAITING FOR ME.

Good-by! I will hasten homeward;
I 've friends come a visit to pay—
Three beautiful tulip sisters—
Fair Persians. I 'll hasten away.

And there is a branch of blossoms,
Like rose-light falling on snow.
They came to me as from Eden,—
I really and truly must go.

Besides, there 's a bright band of poppies,
As brilliant as brilliant can be;
I love my flower-friends dearly,—
Good-by! they are waiting for me.

GHOST OF A DAY.

Why do I sob and weep?
  Why do I bow my head?
Why do I cry "Come back!"
  Unto a day long dead?—

Cry to its ghost to come.
  Like white mist from the sea,—
Wrapped in oblivion,
  Bid it return to me?

It was a day that brought
  His presence to me nigh;
So to the bright day gone,
  "Come back, come back!" I cry.

Lead with your cold white hand
  Him once again to me.
Day that his presence held,
  I cry, I cry to thee.

Beg and implore and cry,—
  Listen to me, I pray;
Bring him again to me,
  Ghost of an autumn day.

THE COMING OF DAWN.

THE lights are dim on the city's streets,
The sky is the palest of opaline gray,
Quiet the town, no bird is astir
To herald the coming of beautiful day.
But a waning moon is in the sky,
A crescent of gold on the pale-tinted gray,
The Morning Star is aflame, afloat,
And the ghostly white stars are fading away.

TELL ME.

Is YOUR story like to mine?
  Have you longed and tried to know
Where the souls of those we love
  On their long last journey go?
Do you half believe and hope
  That the stars before us spread
Are the " many, many mansions "
  Where they dwell, our sainted dead?

CHANGED.

THE fairies whispered in " merrie May,"
" Come, it is springtime,"—flowers fair
And sweetest blossoms of pink and white
Covered the branches brown and bare.

Gay dandelions in meadows gleamed,
Daisies swayed at a fairy's fan,
And over the hills and in the glades
There was heard the soft pipes of Pan.

Bees buzzed about among the flowers
With cheerful cheery, constant sound,
And the wee birds sang their souls away
To the loving hearts they had found.

But the golden dandelions now
Are fluffy bits of browny fuzz,
And the bees that kissed the flowers fair
Have lost their cheerful, cheery buzz.

CHANGED.

In the hearts of yellow roses they
  Drone a drowsy, a dreamy tune,—
All about honey, honey so sweet,
  In the midday hours of June.

Birds have forgotten their sweet love-notes;
  They sing a fledgling lullaby,
And ofttimes clouds like black-winged birds
  Sweep over the soft azure sky.

June has roses—fairest of flowers—
  And the sweetness of new-mown hay,
But for fairy-like, fragile beauty,
  There is never a month like May.

A TRYST.

A GATE of scarlet in the west
  Shuts out the autumn day,—
A gate with bars of amethyst,
  And sunset's opal gray.

Keeping a tryst outside the gate,
  Is Day in robes of white.
We call it twilight when she meets
  Her somber lover, Night.

"NO LOVE FOR ME."

ENGLISH YOUTH'S SONG.

I CALL her "Cherry Blossom"
  And "Golden Butterfly,"
But to Keti of Japan
  Barbarian am I.

She plays the sanisen;
  Weird and wild is her cry;
No love for me in her song,—
  Barbarian am I.

Her song is of a youth,—
  "I will love him till I die."
He is a youth of Japan,
  Barbarian am I.

SAN JUAN BY THE SEA.

I saw thee in the sunset,
  Fair San Juan by the sea,
Like a golden band of glory
  Looked the western sky to me.
The deep blue of the waters
  Met the orange of the sky
That melted into palest gold
  Where one star shone out on high.

TO "BROWN-EYES."

Life is a strange sweet thing, baby,
  Wee darling with soulful brown eyes.
Ofttimes it leads among roses,
  'Neath arches of bending blue skies.

Sometimes it stays 'mid the shadows,
  But where'er thy life-path may be.
God bless thee, and make thee a blessing,
  Is my wish, sweet "Brown-Eyes," for thee.

ALONE.

BLUE was the sky that Sabbath morning,
Radiantly the yellow sunbeams shone,
In clinging dress of somber darkness,
To church I walked alone.

Gray shadows were in arches hiding,
Sadly I bowed before the Father's throne,
Around were many happy faces,
Alas! I was alone.

A voice like that of angel singing
Soared like a bird among the rafters high:
"Again you 'll have your own,—be patient,—
Be patient,—by and by."

Into the blessed sunshine going,
I echoed, comforted, the glad, glad cry:
"Again you 'll have your own,—be patient,—
Be patient,—by and by."

DISCOVERY OF THE SUNSHINE MINE.

I HAD left the tired miners
  When the sun was turning to gold,
The long line of purple mountains,
  And the tall peaks rugged and bold.

I was just a toiling miner
  At work on the " Eagle's Wing " claim,
Searching, alas, searching vainly,
  Yet hoping and toiling the same.

Upon my shoulder I carried
  Pick and shovel that day in June;
All down the trail to the cabin,
  I was whistling a merry tune.

I gleefully called, " Come, Sunshine,"—
  No golden-haired girl could I see;
When the sun shone down Blue Canyon
  She was always waiting for me.

DISCOVERY OF THE SUNSHINE MINE.

The sunlight fell on the cabin
  And danced in the open door,
A slanting pathway of glory
  It made on the rude wooden floor.

No answer but silence, silence,
  Save the cry of a lonely bird,
And the summer breezes sighing
  Through the tree-tops was all I heard.

In yesterday's fair June weather,
  Up the canyon, rock-strewn and wide,
To find the first wild columbines
  We had wandered at eventide.

As swift as a bullet that flies
  From gun to the heart of a deer,
As crushing, stunning, and hopeless
  Came to me the terrible fear—

That Sunshine in search of flowers
  Up the trail had wandered away,
And I, who had forgotten God,
  In my agony knelt to pray.

DISCOVERY OF THE SUNSHINE MINE.

I thought of the icy-cold winds
  From peaks of eternal snow,
Of cruel, hungry, prowling wolves,
  And of chasms that yawned below.

Half-dazed with terror I stumbled
  Up the canyon, wild with despair,
To search for my little daughter,
  My Sunshine with bright golden hair.

Heart-broken I wandered onward;
  I begged the sun longer to stay,
The night not to wrap its black arms
  Round the mountain's dangerous way.

Something bright gleamed just before me
  Where the first wild columbines grew,
I gathered it close to my heart,
  'T was a small worn copper-toed shoe.

Around a bowlder I hastened,
  And there among the wild flowers,
Filling her little checked apron,
  My Sunshine had wandered for hours.

DISCOVERY OF THE SUNSHINE MINE.

" I was lost, papa, and frightened,"
  Sunshine sobbed, and—and I sobbed too.
" I came up the canyon, papa,
  To find pretty flowers for you.

" Down there is my shoe," said Sunshine.
  It was where a stream used to run.
A silvery, gliding serpent,
  It had seemed in the summer sun.

Down the deep ravine I hastened,
  To bring back the little worn shoe,
Sobbing, I struck with pick the rocks,
  As any old miner would do.

I had shattered gold-bearing quartz,—
  Through its heart ran a golden line,—
'T is the richest claim in the State,
  And I call it " The Sunshine Mine."

WOULD THE SUN SHINE?

Would the sun shine as bright as now,
Dear heart, if you were gone?
Would birds upon the trees
Forget their song?
Would flowers bloom?
Would soft winds whisper to the sea?
Would hearts be merry, light, and gay?
Could such things be?

I know the sun would shine as bright,
Dear heart, if you were gone.
The happy birds would not
Forget their song.
Flowers would bloom,
Soft winds would whisper to the sea,
To many life would be as sweet,
But not to me.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE endless years are only beads
  Strung on the threads of time,
And some are bright like golden ones,
  And some like amber clear,
While others seem like moulten lead.
  And dimmed by many a tear.

To-night I held a shining bead,
  And with reluctant hand
I grasped the new, and like a nun
  O'er it I said a prayer,
If golden bright or inky black,
  I begged the Father's care.

THE RAGMAN.

A RAGMAN driving a horse of gray,
Cries through the alleys every day:
" Sacks and umbrellas, paper and bags,
Bits of old iron, bottles and rags."

Oh, I wonder what the ragman feels?
Does his heart thrill at the blue of skies?
The ripple of sunlight on the hills?
The tender light in a dear child's eyes?

I wonder if he ever notes
The rose that climbs o'er the garden wall?
Or counts the petals of faintest pink
As one by one through the air they fall?

Is his life threaded with day-time dreams?
Or is it really just what it seems,—
" Sacks and umbrellas, paper and bags,
Bits of old iron, bottles and rags "?

THERE'S FROST UPON THE PANE.

THERE 's frost upon the pane,
  Cold, lusterless, and white.
No sunbeams glance and play,—
  'T is almost night.

My window looketh east;
  The night hath fled away.
Lo, glory gilds the pane,
  Again 't is day.

Frost lies upon my life;
  I saw him cold and white.
Through life's long night I wait
  For morning's light.

AN IDEAL LOVE.

SWEETHEART, "the world is wide,"
I wonder where you stay—
If you are near to me,
If you are far away?

I know your eyes are brown,
Your face is girlish fair,
That dimpled are your cheeks,
And pale gold is your hair.

Although "the world is wide,"
Wherever you may be,
I 'll trust the hand of Fate
To lead you unto me.

BABY-BLUE-EYES.

A WILD FLOWER OF CALIFORNIA.

FAIR azure flowers of the summertide,
Blossoms that mirror the blue of the skies
And sapphire of sea,—baby-blue-eyes,—
That wreathe with beauty the sunny hillside
And thread through valleys a flowery way,—
Thou seem'st fallen bits of the skies of blue
That fell to the earth when the stars shot through
With lances of light, on Creation's day,
The pavement of heaven and the roof of earth.
Thou whispereth of dear childish faces,
Of baby-blue eyes, and winning graces,
Of little ones gathered around the hearth;
Aye, whisper of unforgotten blue eyes
That closed to waken 'neath heavenly skies.

SUNSHINE LAND.

CALIFORNIA.

WHEN wee Cupid hunting goes
In this land so fair,—
Cupid with white wings like snow
And soft waving hair,—

He a tiny arrow tips
With a sunbeam bright,
And from bended bow it flies
Like a thread of light,

Binding the fair maiden's heart
With a chain of gold.
Love from arrow sunbeam-tipped
Never can grow cold.

ALONE.

WHAT is there left for me, sad heart?
The flower-gemmed earth for my feet to press,
The blue of skies, and the sapphire sea,
But never a fond caress.

What is there left for me, sad heart?
The star-paved heavens and the pale moonlight,
But a voice is still, and the eyes I love
Are hidden away from sight.

NASTURTIONS.

THERE is a garden
  Small but most fair,
And gay nasturtions
  Run riot there.

They climb the fences,
  Trail on the ground,
And wreathe with beauty
  Tall trees around.

They 're prisoned sunshine
  Come here to stay,
From some bright planet,
  To make earth gay.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

THE lights of yester-eve's banquet-hall
Went out at the coming of day;
And songs and words of the festal night
On the dawn-breeze floated away.
But the stars a-lighted in ages gone
Have failed not, nor grown less bright,
And words of the Christ still hold men's hearts,
Of the world He is still the Light.

ALONG THE WAY.

Along the way, with daisies flecked,
The grassy meadows lie,
And like a canopy of blue
Spreads the soft summer sky.

Between the white-barked sycamores
A river glides along,
Its rhythm making melody,
Nature's unwritten song.

Along the way are mountains tall
And lakes like mirrors clear,
And piny woods with tangled boughs,
Whence peep the timid deer.

A vision fair of sapphire sea,
Unfolds from mountain heights,
Dotted with fluttering sails that seem
Sea-birds in sudden flight.

And a fair city o'er the sea,
  Where sunset glories stay,
Which fills the traveler with thoughts
  Of Home along the way.

Along the way, down sunny slopes,
  Are vines and olive trees,
And feathery palms, and tropic ferns,
  Stirred by the southern breeze.

And those who love each other walk
  Together day by day.
Though fair the City at the end,
  Full pleasant is the way.

THE HELMET.

THERE 's a helmet on the shelf
  Looking very brave and bold,
Made of pasteboard strong and
    stiff,
  Trimmed with ribbons of bright
    gold.

'Neath the helmet I can see
  A soldierly young face,
The light of his bright eyes,
  His motions full of grace,

As he led "the volunteers"
  On Washington's Birthday,—
How still the helmet lies!—
  For the soldier is away.

NEW YEAR FANCIES.

Forgetting the past, with its dreams
That faded away
Like the dazzling orange and scarlet of sunset
That came not to stay.

The fleecy white clouds you fancied
Were castles most fair,
With towers and turrets, with banners of sunbeams
Afloat in the air.

Forgetting the past, with its dreams
Like tales that are told,
Dream dreams brighter, aye, fairer, than ever before
In years now grown old.

QUESTIONINGS.

The season is over, fair lady,
With its music, its brightness, its glow;
The meadows are covered with flowers,
And the apple-blooms fall white like snow.

You were quite the belle of the season,
In each gay festive scene you had part.
Has it brought to you the devotion
Of one loving, true, loyal heart?

"FOREVER AND A DAY."

I WILL love you, sweetheart,
"Forever and a day."
"Forever means for all time,"—
You ask, "Why add a day?"

Day is when the sun shines;
So, sweetheart, do n't you see
I will love you always,
And in life's sunshine be?

GOLDEN GATE PARK IN MIDWINTER.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE dewdrops hang on the bending grass,
A dragon-fly cuts a sunbeam through,
The moaning cypress-trees lift somber arms
Up to skies of cloudless blue.
A humming-bird sips from a golden cup,
In the hedge a hidden bird sings,
And a butterfly among the flowers
Tells me that the soul has wings.

WILLOW WANDS.

Back at the dear old home I am once more.
The willow wands beat on the window pane
In short, sharp, sudden strokes and gentle taps,
As fitful as the wind-swept summer rain.

Here at the study-window, looking south,
I stand as in some long-past childhood's day,
And watch brown shadows of the willow wands
Flutter and flit, then ghostlike fade away.

Green willow wands my brother once and I
Twisted in classic wreaths—mythical play.
I crowned him Jupiter, and Juno fair
With willow wands he crowned me on that day.

Silent is now the breeze from out the south,
Quiet each leaf on vine and bush and tree.
'T was rose-vine tapping on the window-pane
Brought thoughts of home and willow wands to me.

A VALENTINE.

SHALL I a red rose send to thee
To be thy valentine?
Or dainty blue forget-me-nots,
To plead, "Wilt thou be mine?"

Not these,—an arrow I will wreathe
With violets of blue,—
And bend the bow, and it shall fly
And tell my love to you.

FRIENDS OF LONG AGO.

I 'LL not go out this afternoon;
Thank you, I will not go.
I 've visitors most loved and dear—
Some friends of long ago.

" Who are they? " Why, they 're
daffodils,—
Not long my friends may stay.
I 'll not go out this afternoon,—
I 'll go some other day.

RESCUED.

JUST at her feet on pavement cold
A sweet blue violet lay,
One pale-gold star was in the sky,
'T was at the close of day.

She rescued it with loving hand
From 'neath the hurrying feet,
And fastened it quite near her heart,
The violet so sweet.

TELL ME.

Does the sweet thought come to you,
  As you long and long each day
For the loved one who has gone
  Up the shining, starry way,
That you 've some one waiting there
  Who will welcome you some day,
And there 'll be no night of tears,
  But a never-ending day?

CHOIR–BOYS.

ANGELIC seem the choir-boys
  In vestments white,
Their voices winging up to Heaven
  In airy flight,

Then floating softly down
  In sad refrain,
As banished from "the Pearly
      Gates"
  To earth again.

From the boy-choir look out
  With rapt blue eyes,
Faces as fair as cherubs are
  In painted skies.

Yet boylike is the choir,
  On mischief bent,
Oft rippling into sunny smiles
  Of merriment,

CHOIR-BOYS.

As wild flowers of the fields,
  By winds bent low,
Flutter and ripple in soft lines
  Of gold and snow.

The earth and yearning heavens
  Boy voices blend,
As sweetest notes on wings of
      song
  Upward they send.

UP FROM THE SEA.

WRAPPED in chill fog,—oh, so silvery white!—
Up out of the sea come the silent dead.
Through streets of the city with unheard tread
They wander together. 'T is All Souls' night.
One looks in the window where long ago,
Beloved at the hearthstone, she had a place.
Her loving eyes rest upon each dear face,
Noiseless her garments, they never will know.
Men shuddering hurry along the street;
They shiver at touch of the cold white mist,
They feel a horror they cannot resist,—
They know not 't is spirit they love they meet.
And they long for the morning's warm sunlight,
Forgetting, alas! it is All Souls' night.

CALIFORNIA SPRINGTIME.

THE fields are all aflame with gold,
"Sweet fields of living green,"
And wild flowers tall, all bonnie blue,
Are fretted in between.

Down by the brook the iris nods,
And slender lilies fair,
While buttercups, like daytime stars,
Are scattered everywhere.

Unseen, somewhere a meadow-lark
For very gladness sings,
And yellow bees and butterflies
Float by on airy wings.

O land of sunshine by the sea,
Where golden poppies grow!
Fair blossoms crown thee all the year,
White blossoms are thy snow.

SUDDENLY.

SOMETIME the Lord our God will come suddenly,
Even as comes the earthquake without warning.
Like autumn's yellow leaves the bright stars will fall,
And their soft light go out without a warning.
Shall we be ready, doing Thy will, O Lord,
Waiting as one who watcheth for the morning?

WHAT THE BIRDS SING.

Do THE little birds eat up the snow?
Oh, no.
But they sing to the sun:
"Make it go—make it go."

Do they sing any more to the sun?
Oh, yes.
They sing, "Shine, shine, bright sun,
And the wild flowers kiss."

And a secret they sing to the sun,
But low:
"We 've a nest in a tree,—
Send your sunbeams to see."

I HEARD YOU SING.

S. HOWARD CUYLER, OF THE BOSTONIANS.

'NEATH marble of the snow
All dreamless slept the weary earth that day.
Brown, leafless were the trees;
Joy, like the summer birds, had flown away.
'T was then I heard you sing.
Your voice—God's gift—was tender, true and sweet.
Summer came back to me,
And sudden roses blossomed round my feet.

DENVER, 1900.

SWEET PEAS.

Dainty sweet pea-blossoms
  Fastened to my dress,
Perfume wafting upward
  Like a fond caress,

Bring to me the picture
  Of a quaint old town,
And a little cottage,
  Weather-beaten, brown.

Climbing o'er its windows
  Pink-and-white sweet peas,
Swinging perfume-censers
  In the June-day breeze.

I, a tiny maiden
  In a summer gown,
Looking o'er the gateway
  Of the cottage brown,

Hear a kind voice saying,
  "Your blue eyes ask, 'Please,'—
Here 's some blossoms for you—
  Pink-and-white sweet peas."

INDIAN SUMMER.

In the warm, hazy, still October noon,
The leaves are falling. One by one they float
Away like butterflies or fairy boat
Upon the sultry southern breeze, but soon,
At sudden gust, like flocks of birds they fly,
Scarlet and gold and brown, far out of sight;
And ne'er-returning north wind in its flight
Tells if they build their nests in pine-trees high.
A half-hid glory wraps the earth around
In smoky veil, fringed well in sunset skies
With burnished threads of flame and orange dyes.
'T is silent save for cricket's cheerful sound.
In this bright silence Indian Summer stands,
A princess visitant from southern lands.

"BOW DOWN THINE EAR, O LORD, AND HEAR ME."

PSALM LXXXVI.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me,
As penitent for sin I come to Thee.
By Christ's sweet love and pity listen,—
"Bow down thine ear and harken, Lord, to me."

"Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me,"
While I my heart and life give unto Thee;
By Christ's sweet love and pity listen,—
"Bow down thine ear and harken unto me."

"Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me,"
Help me to keep the vows I've made to Thee.
By Christ's sweet love and pity listen,—
"Bow down thine ear and harken, Lord, to me."

TAKE HEART.

If thy frail bark is tossed on stormy seas,
Sail on; thou yet mayst see arise lands fair
Out of the inky waves,—green flower-full isles,—
Thou yet mayst breathe the balmy tropic air.

If but the cries of sailors thou canst hear,
Remember they are pilots to that shore
Where thou shalt hear the songs of summer birds
And dwell in golden sunlight evermore.

Alone on floating wreck, do not despair;
From the fair isle a sail may just be set
To rescue thee by some courageous hand.
Keep heart, keep heart; thou mayst be happy yet.

ORIGIN OF THE WILD POPPY.

STATE FLOWER OF CALIFORNIA.

AWAKE, O golden poppies, for thy king,
The sun, is coming from the bright'ning east.
The lances of his guard flash on the hills.
Awake, O flowers, for the royal feast.

All the long fervid summer day he 'll sit
A kingly presence on his azure throne,
Attended by the clouds, his messengers,
Monarch of sky and sea and earth—alone.

Ye are his children. In the long ago,
Because he loved the earth, with his own hand
He cast a meteor; its fragments were
Bright-shining poppy-seeds of sunset land.

FOUND.

I WATCH the tender leaves this April day unfolding,
And look upon the shadows flitting o'er the lawn,
And I see children's faces bright and winning,
The faces of my darlings long, long gone.

The first I see is baby in his dimpled sweetness,
Blue eyes, white face, and little rings of curling hair.
I hold my hands out to embrace him fondly,—
Alas, they only meet the empty air.

Again I feel a rosy hand mine tightly holding,
And guide two wee feet trying hard to cross the floor,
To see dear, faithful Carlo soundly sleeping
In the warm sunshine just outside the door.

FOUND.

In sailor suit and hat, with many happy children,
I see my schoolboy coming down the village street;
His hair wind-tossed, his glowing cheeks like roses,
Again my schoolboy I shall never greet.

Away, away with all my sweetly tender dreaming!
I hear a bounding step upon the oaken stair.
I look into the blue eyes bending o'er me,—
My baby, toddler, schoolboy all are there.

IMMORTAL FLOWERS.

Place violets blue about the dead
In "the vague dark" that round them closes,
And scatter on the pillow of their "dreamless bed"
A few white roses.

I fancy if the flowers we love
Go with us down to Death's dark portal,
They 'll bloom again upon "the other side,"
And be immortal.

A COLONIAL COURTSHIP.

Down wilderness path he came
  One beautiful summer day;
A sweetbrier rose he held,
  A rose of the tangled way.

His face was browned by the sun
  Of Plymouth beside the sea
And winds of the wilderness,—
  A Puritan youth was he.

She sat at the spinning-wheel,
  And the yellow flax did spin.
At open lattice he paused
  To gaze on the girl within.

O girl of century gone!
  He thought you were fair and sweet,
And tossed, to tell you his love,
  The sweet wild rose at your feet.

BEYOND.

Dread not the days that lie beyond thy sight,
Cry not for bread ye may not need to eat;
Fear not the coming storm of wind and rain
That soon on thy defenseless head may beat.

Perhaps some one to thee now all unknown
May into pleasant pathways lead thy feet,
Or the long-dreaded storm of wind-swept rain
Upon thy grave a requiem may beat.

THE FLOWERS HE PLANTED.

They speak to me—the flowers he planted;
The roses fair, the ivy clinging to the wall,
The pansies on the lawn, the red carnations,
Each to my heart fond memories recall.

Here in the sunshine stood we oft together.
Alas! now every dewdrop seems to me a tear
That rests upon the flowers he planted.
How can they blossom when he is not here?

A FRINGE OF GOLD.

THE golden billows of poppies
  Roll out on the headlands bold,
And the white pearls of the breakers
  Meet the shining flowers of gold
That ripple in lines of beauty,
  Dividing the sea from the land,—
A tangle of gold and sea-pearls,
  Bright fringe of the sunset strand.

THE SPELL OF SPRING.

THERE is no heart so full of worldly care and self
That unto it no loving memories come in spring—
The thought of daffodils beside the garden walk,
The joy the song of Robin-Redbreast used to bring,

The ropes of sudden raindrops gleaming in the sun,
The jeweled spider-webs tight fastened to the trees,
The dandelions,—yellow daytime stars of earth,—
The perfume of the lilac wafted on the breeze.

A mother's face that faded as a springtime cloud
Into the blue,—an angel's face from out the past,—
There cannot be a heart so full of aught beside
That the sweet spell of spring is not upon it cast.

PALM SUNDAY.

Upward from Bethany,
Over Mount Olivet,
Rideth a King.
No music of timbril,
No flutter of banner;
But palms in His pathway,
And voices that sing,
"Hosanna! Hosanna!
Hosanna!"

THOUGHTS AT SEA.

Ships have their sails,
Sea-gulls white wings for flight,
And who shall say
The prisoned soul
Finds not its hidden wings,
And floats away?

WHITE ROSES.

She fastened white roses upon her dress,
Though jewels shone in her nut-brown hair,
And carried white roses in her hands
That faded and drooped in the gaslight's glare.
And the maiden bowed her beautiful head,
As over white roses love's vows were said.

They laid white roses against her hair,
Her gleaming, waving hair of gold,
And scattered white roses above her heart,
And placed them in her hands so cold.
Upon white roses love's tears were shed,
And over white roses a prayer was said.

A NORSE GIRL TO HER VIKING ANCESTOR.

Hubba, my ancestor, pirate-king,
  Did you give to me my face so fair?
My eyes, pale-blue as are northern skies,
  My long bright ripples of yellow hair?

You were a pirate, and sailed the seas.
  Is that the reason when north winds blow
I am as happy as birds a-wing,
  Merry, merry as white falling snow?

You were a king, O ancestor mine!
  Is that why I so long for a crown—
For a little wreath of laurel-leaves?
  Is that your heritage handed down?

AN INVITATION TO CALIFORNIA.

THERE is a land by the sunset sea,
Where the year is wrapped in balmy weather,
Where the days are strung on sunbeam threads,
And clasped with roses and pinks together.

Come to this land by the sunset sea,
Where the year is wrapped in balmy weather,
Where the days are strung on sunbeam threads,
And clasped with roses and pinks together.

A TOKEN.

I HOLD a little book—my name I see—
And "Merrie Christmas" gift for me,
Written in boyish hand when joy of him
Made my world bright.
Now he is gone, 't is twilight dim,
Deep'ning to night.
Oh, little book with covers blue,
Flecked o'er with white,
You bring my darling's voice,
His face to-night.

"FOR VIOLETS ARE SWEET."

"Buy my violets, lady;
For violets are sweet."
Pleaded a soft Italian voice
Upon a city street.

O voice and eyes pathetic
Of boy upon the street!
I filled my hands with violets—
"For violets are sweet."

DAISIES OF SCOTLAND.

THREE pretty blossoms
Came o'er the sea,—
Little pink daisies,
Gathered for me.

"Hame" of the daisies
Would I could see,
Daisies' "ain countrie"
Over the sea.

Gladly I welcomed
Pink daisies three,
Daisies of Scotland,
From o'er the sea.

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